

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

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CHAPTER V.

The inquiries which followed elicited one or two new facts—first, that all the doors of the house were found unlocked and, secondly, that the Constable had been among the first to enter in, so that he could vouch that no disturbance had been made in the rooms, with the exception of Batsy's removal to the bed.

Then, his attention being drawn to the dead woman, he discovered the key in her tightly closed hand.

"What a key! Is this key yours?" he asked.

"She showed him the drawers in the cupboard."

"One is empty," said Mr. Sutherland. "If the other is found to be in the same condition, then her money has been taken. That key she holds should open both these drawers."

"Then let it be made use of at once. It is important that we should know whether the money has been committed here as well as murder."

And drawing the key out he handed it to Mr. Fenton.

The Constable immediately unlocked the drawer and brought it and its contents to the table.

"No money here," said he.

"But money as good as money," announced the doctor. "See! here are deeds and more than one valuable bond. I judge she was a richer woman than any of us knew."

Mr. Sutherland, meantime, was looking with an air of disappointment into the now empty drawers.

"Just as I feared," said he. "She has been robbed of her ready money. It was doubtless in the other drawer."

"How came she by the key, then?"

"That is one of the mysteries of the affair; this murder is by no means a simple one. I begin to think we shall find it full of mysteries."

"Batsy's dead, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, Batsy! I had forgotten that she was found dead, too."

"Without a wound, doctor?"

"She had heart disease. I doctored her for it. The frigid heart died."

"The look of her face confirmed that."

"Let me see! So it does; but we must have an autopsy to prove it."

"I would like to explain before any further measures are taken how I came to know that Agatha Webb had money in her house," said Mr. Sutherland, as they stepped back into the kitchen.

"You often heard me say that she was in my family at dinner; did you know she was?"

End Mrs. Sutherland being living she was not presumed to intrude upon at meal-time, but as we have no one now to uphold our dignity this woman rushed into our presence painting with news, and told us all in one breath that she had come from Mrs. Webb, who had a couple of money in her house."

She had just seen it with her own eyes; that going upstairs, as usual, without knocking, she had seen Mrs. Webb through the crack of the sitting room door, walking toward the fireplace cupboard with a huge roll of bills in her hand.

"I was listening," she heard her say: "Just fifteen hundred dollars, and she was far from being in the house." After which she heard first one look turned and then another, and satisfied that the money had been put into some receptacle in the cupboard, she crept out as quietly as she had come in and ran away to tell her neighbors. Happily I was the first one to see the money, and I have since kept all my inquiries which she related the news to every one who would listen."

"Was the young woman I see down yonder at the table with you when you told this story?" asked the Coroner, pointing toward the yard.

Mr. Sutherland pondered. "No, I don't think she was. Frederick was seated at the table with me, and my housekeeper was pouring the tea, but Miss Page had not yet come down. I think she has been napping on great air of late."

"Can it be possible that he does not know that?"

"The Constable shook his head. Mr. Sutherland was one of those delinquent men whose very mildness makes them impenetrable."

The Coroner, on leaving the house, was followed by Mr. Sutherland. As the fine figures of the men moved on, the doctor, in a faint cheer was heard from the two or three favored persons who were allowed to look through the gate. But to this token of welcome neither gentleman responded by so much as a look, all their attention being engrossed by the sight of the solitary figure of Miss Page, who, as they had seen her, came from the house as if she were a statue, but with her eyes fixed upon their faces, she awaited their approach. When they were near she thrust one hand under her cloak, and, pointing to the grass at her feet, said quietly:

"They hunted toward her and bent down to examine the spot she indicated."

"What do you find there?" cried Mr. Sutherland, whose eyesight was not good.

"Blood," responded the Coroner, plucking up a blade of grass and surveying it closely.

"Blood," echoed Miss Page, with so suggestive a glance that the doctor could not help but be amazed, not understanding his own emotion.

"How were you able to discern a stain so nearly imperceptible?" asked the Coroner.

"Imperceptible? It is the only thing I see in the whole yard," she retorted, and with a slight nod toward the doctor, she turned away. "A most unaccountable girl," commented the Coroner. "But she is right about these stains. I have seen her do it before."

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fort. I shall have to send to Boston for an expert. Another time, sweetheart, when the moon is full, I will come and see you. The young fellow, with a face white as milk, was standing away from the house, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes fixed on the ground. "But I must stay a while as milk," he pleaded, pausing and giving the other an inquiring look.

"Oh, yes," answered the good-natured Coroner. "Fenton will have work enough for you to do. I have a dozen others. Go and tell him to come. I will be waiting for you."

"Thank you," returned the other, his face suddenly flushed with a look of surprise. "Now I shall see what that flower-fell," he murmured.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Sutherland returned home. As he entered the broad hall he met his son Frederick. "What a lovely day!" said the young man, his face as bright as a flower. "I have been out for an hour, and I have seen what that flower-fell," he murmured.

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freedom. She was so rapidly determining his determination.

"She saw the movement, recognized the weakness of the position, and with a quickness of her heart she gave a low laugh to escape her."

"Her voice, as I have before said, was unusually sweet, especially when it was returned to a mere ripple, as now."

"Then I will stay in it," she smiled. "I have no liking for arrests, and the glint of her eyes, as she looked at him, was full of mischief."

"Sutherland," she continued, as that gentleman appeared at the dining room door, "I shall have to impose upon your hospitality for a few days longer. These men here inform me that you have no objection to my staying."

"Sutherland, with a quick smile, and these words, the distance between himself and the young man was not so great as it seemed."

"To be continued."

TOM GARDNER, STRONG MAN.

Reminiscences of a New Brunswick Man a Hundred Years Ago.

Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 25.—It is certain that the famous athletes of the present day, who seek applause by breaking records, are, after all, superior to the old-time performers whose names are now only remembered in the annals of the past.

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# CAGLIOSTRO'S PARIS HOUSE

IT STILL STANDS MUCH AS WHEN HE PRACTICED MAGIC IN IT.

Where the Cardinal de Rohan was Brought into the Affair of the Diamond Necklace—Story of the Sorcerer—Banquet of the Ghosts—Cagliostro and His Wife.

From the *Cronique des Etats Unis*.

Cagliostro's house still stands in Paris. Few alterations have been made in it since the days of its glory and its mysteries. In fact, it is so easily imagined the effect which it produced in the night upon those who gazed upon its strange pavilions and wide terraces when the lurid lights of the alchemist's furnaces streamed through the outer window blinds.

When he looked up his quarters in it, it was the house of the Marquis de M... and the Marquis made no changes in it, except perhaps a few temporary interior additions for the machines which he used in his séances in magic.

The plan of the building may well be said to be abnormal. The outer gate opens upon the rue Saint Claude at the angle of the boulevard Beaumarchais. The courtyard is large, and the house is a fine specimen of the style of the 18th century.

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